

THE HAVE OF PEN.

HER SACRIFICE AND THE CROWN THAT IT BROUGHT TO HER.

By Elmore Elliott, Peaks.

Pen tarried a moment at the farmhouse gate, with shining eyes. Old Lowdermilk's ramshackle buggy, in which she had just ridden home from Princeton, was vanishing in a cloud of dust down the road. "My child, God has given you a wonderful voice. Never make Him regret His gift," she heard him say. His fervent words to the girl's father and mother, and a little—just a little, laughing, womanish kind of a cry, she was so happy.

The side door opened and her father and a lawyer from Hamilton stepped out, got into a buggy and drove off. Something about her father's appearance suddenly struck down Pen's happiness. She had never seen him look so stooped before. He also looked tired, and he passed her with only a nod, although Mr. Mason, the lawyer, smiled and politely lifted his hat. Pen turned and ran into the house, gulping under the slight.

"Mamma, what's the matter?" she asked, imperiously. "He looks so bad, and he's smiling."

His face softened for the first time, and he smiled a little as he laid his lips upon her downy cheek. "Don't you think it's helping me to love me so?" he asked. "I would sooner have your love, Pen, than all the money in the world. And if I had plenty of money maybe I shouldn't have so much of your love. That happens sometimes, you know. Now go to bed and don't worry any more. It will be all right, no matter what comes, so long as you love me."

"That will be forever, papa," she answered about 8 o'clock the next morning Pen was sitting on the porch, looking out at the old barn. The brown of her eyes was bleached as if by much weeping, and she was looking with quick, decided step, and a few minutes later rolled out of the barn in a phaeton, behind the driver, a black mare named Topsy, that Pen had broken herself.

There were four horses in Butler County that could have made the six miles to Hamilton in thirty minutes, but Topsy did it in twenty. The phaeton was the largest in the block, but she ran the bell just as if it had been the smallest. A moment later she stood opposite the stable of a square, red-headed woman, who had been recognized at a glance as the famous "Boy Phenomenon."

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just passed me without speaking or even asking how they liked my singing. Mrs. Whitney, almost as slender and beautiful as Pen herself, gave her daughter a tender glance. You mustn't feel hurt, Pen. Your father is in deep trouble, and is not himself. You might as well know the truth now as later. He has put everything he has into the Farmers' Implement Company two years ago; till he has in the world is engaged, and his affairs have reached a crisis. He has gone out now with Mr. Mason to try to raise a thousand dollars.

"He can raise that much easily enough, can't he?" asked Pen, confidently.

"It is pitiful to think he can," answered Mrs. Whitney, sadly; "but he has borrowed so much money lately. If he fails now, the farm will be sold at auction."

"Oh, poor papa!" cried Pen, and in her grief she flung her arms around her mother's neck and began to sob.

"Poor Pen," is what she said, murmured Mrs. Whitney, smiling mournfully and stroking her girl's lovely head of reddish-brown hair.

"But where could we go, mamma?" asked Pen, despairingly.

"Mrs. Whitney's face twitched. 'Oh, Pen, I can't bear to think of that yet—my heart is so wrapped around the old place. Let us hope we shan't have to go at all,' she added, hopefully.

Mr. Whitney did not return until long after dark. Neither wife nor daughter had to ask the result of his search. His haggard face and weary eyes told all. He refused the supper Mrs. Whitney had prepared for him, and dropped into his old hickory rocking chair. There he sat hour after hour, blinking at the lamp with a vacant, emotionless face. He might break, but would never bend. Now and then he flung a look at the back of the envelope, but he scarcely spoke all evening. At about 11 o'clock he told Pen that he intended to go to bed, and she obediently and kissed him good night; then she unexpectedly sank into his lap and wound her arms tightly around his neck.

"Oh, papa, I can't sleep! I am so sorry, so sorry, for you, and I wish I could help you."

His face softened for the first time, and he smiled a little as he laid his lips upon her downy cheek.

"Don't you think it's helping me to love me so?" he asked. "I would sooner have your love, Pen, than all the money in the world. And if I had plenty of money maybe I shouldn't have so much of your love. That happens sometimes, you know. Now go to bed and don't worry any more. It will be all right, no matter what comes, so long as you love me."

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the gate she heard him shout, as a parting pleasure. "Say, Pen, maybe you be going to school with the mare and the money, too?" She waved her handkerchief back, but her eyes were swimming in tears. She had said so to Topsy. She drove past her home—though Topsy wanted to turn in—and on to Princeton, a mile further. At the village bank she cashed Slaymaker's check and also one of her own for \$50. The latter represented practically the savings of her life, but she did not think of it. What she did think of was a swelling heart, and the fact that it rounded out the precious folds of a thousand dollars her father needed so badly.

She had closed the door of Topsy's box stall—the last time, probably—and started for the house, when she turned back suddenly, and in a burst of passionate grief she flung her arms around the mare's hot, pulsing neck.

"Oh, Topsy, I have sold you, and maybe they will whip you and make you race! But I have sold myself, too, sweetheart, I have sold my very soul, and God will take care of us both!"

Her tears were dashed away by the time she reached the house. Her father was not there, her mother said he had driven off somewhere with old Baldy.

When he comes, she thought, I will take this with my love, calm—again like Aunt Rachel—but the last words uttered, and thrusting the fat roll of bills into her astonished hands, she rushed upstairs and threw herself across her bed.

Ah, that was a bleak, bitter hour, when she lay down, and, that glorious letter from Aunt Rachel, promising her a piano for her birthday, trembled in her hand. But she had promised God that night, on the eve of her wedding, to be true to him, and she would try never to speak in anger or selfishness again. In order that she might become a sweet and pure instrument for the expression of her beloved music, she must be true to him.

And now, tears burst forth again, and in her misery, lying there on her face, she dug her fingers into the covering and drew it tragically over her head.

The arose finally, flushed and tear-streaked and looked into her glass. She smiled wanly at the wretched girl she saw there, and kissed her pityingly. Her goddresses hung upon the walls—Jenny Lind, Patti, James and other queens of song. Mr. M. Gerlach, pictures and picture frames, 203 East Genesee St.

Jesse Poole, teas and coffees, 21 Clinton St.

Consolidated Perfume Company, manufacturing, hairdressing, perfumes and toilet articles, 566 Main St.

Edwards & Fuller, jewelry and silverware, Ridge road and Simon ave.

Charles A. Diamond, drugs, 904 Clinton St.

Consolidated Electric Company, electrical goods, 227 Pearl St.

Hobbs & Fuller, jewelry and watches, 35 West Chippewa St.

G. E. Weston, cigars and shoes, 236 Triangle place.

C. F. Grefner, grocer, 533 Perry St.

M. T. Liby, confectionery, 106 Sidway St.

R. M. Pratt, groceries and meats, 878 East Delaware Ave.

Sturtevant & Co., cash grocery, 548 Tonawanda St.

M. A. Edmonds, cigars and confectionery, 488 Rhode Island St.

W. J. Sherman, confectionery and cigars, 148 Forest St.

Roy E. Palmer, photographer, 813 Chenango St.

John F. Herrmann, men's furnishings, dry goods, notions, magazines and stationery, 248 Main St.

W. A. Sherman, confectionery and cigars, 148 Forest St.

P. W. Kerr, jeweler, 108 Chenango St.

M. A. Sherman, confectionery and cigars, 148 Forest St.

Peter Klas, bakery and confectionery, 216 Seneca St.

F. J. Bergman, cigars and confectionery, 223 Carlton St.

Mrs. G. Katzmayr, grocer, 506 Madison St.

Mrs. T. Ryser, photographer, 813 Emale St.

C. E. Clark, drugs, 96 Clinton St.

Sturtevant & Co., cash grocery, 548 Tonawanda St.

William B. Robertson & Co., confectionery, newdealers, 300 Breckenridge.

N. C. Clark & Co., millinery, 104 Chenango St.

F. J. Rickards, teas and coffees, 261 Massachusetts Ave.

Brookman & Co., cash grocery, 548 Tonawanda St.

Chenango St. and Massachusetts Ave.

A. H. Buck, dry goods, 424 Grant St.

M. P. Baines, dry goods, 32 West